

My Moon, My Man

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My Moon, My Man

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Summary

It's the "We didn't even kiss" scene that's all you need to know. The first few hundred words cover scenes we've seen (the awards show, the bathroom) and then diverge.
(og title was Teach Me How to Love.)

Notes

hi yall :) damn I haven't done this in a while... I saw a tiktok about Shane dropping in the elevator and I just couldn't get it off my mind. There will probably be one more chapter but damn i have work tomorrow sooooo... Leave me a comment if you enjoy! I feast on them like a medieval vampire on a poor sickly peasant. Fueeel me >:)

Chapter 1: My man, so changeable

Shane

Shane hadn't felt like himself in six months.

"You still want?"

Was it six months or was it more?

"Don't worry, it will fit."

Truely, he didn't remember the last time he felt happy. But he remembered the last time he felt... right.

"You still okay?"

He remembered concrete stairs underneath him, they should have been uncomfortable but he'd felt fuzzy, like he was floating. He remembered a gold chain dangling, momentarily, in front of his eyes as Ilya leaned down in front of him.

"Your cab is definitely here."

A kiss brushed across his lips, soft, careful.

"Bye."

In that moment Ilya's goodbye felt temporary.

The Olympics had been a shit show. Not for Canada, the team had place second over all, they would be returning to Canada with silver around their necks. But for Shane. And certainly for Ilya.

"I saw you up here. I wanted to see how you were doing."

He knew Ilya was hurting, he knew it was more than the loss. Shane wanted to help. But Ilya wouldn't look at him, and Shane felt it the absence of that heavy, heated gaze in his bones, like the jolt of getting slammed into the ice. There was always so much Ilya wouldn't say, *couldn't* say, but he couldn't hide what he was feeling from Shane, not when his eyes said so much.

"Fine. Go sit down."

There was a commanding tone to his voice, one that made Shane's body ache to listen. But it was not an order Shane wanted to obey, not when Ilya wouldn't meet his gaze. What he wanted was for Ilya to take him away from prying eyes and put him on his knees; to tell

Shane what to do, how to help; to rest his head on Shane's shoulder and let Shane hold him until the world quieted and Ilya was okay.

"We are not anything."

Shane had been caught by a team mate's skate when he was younger, the blade slicing across his thigh. It had felt a lot like the tingling numbness Ilya's words brought to his chest, like layers of skin splitting from a single blow, blood rushing and shock rising, and... And Shane wanted to say that sometimes, behind closed doors, he felt like they could be everything.

Six months.

Six months and Shane hadn't heard a word from Ilya Rozanov. Shane felt like he hadn't been able to take a full breath, like blood was still slowly oozing from the wound Ilya's words had left, skin peeling back to expose his lungs, his heart.

Rozanov's words. Shane refused to think of that man as Ilya. That had not been the Ilya Shane knew behind closed doors. That had been all Rozanov. The man who knew exactly what to say on the ice to get under your skin. Exactly where to hit to hurt the most.

He checked his watch again. That bastard was going to bail on him. He was going to abandon him to present the award alone. He was going to leave Shane hanging. He was going to leave Shane...

But then, he already had, hadn't he?

"Wow nice watch, they give this to you for free or what?"

At once the panic left Shane's body, anger flowing in its place, filling him to bursting. Ilya–*Rozanov* looked phenomenal. Of course he did, his perfectly tailored suit emphasized his broad shoulders, his bowtie knotted perfectly around his throat. *God*, that throat. He'd always been bigger than Shane physically, but never before had Shane felt so small in his presence. He forced himself to straighten his shoulders and look away. He would not stand there and moon over the man who had showed him a whole new world, and then ripped it away.

"What were you even doing?" Shane asked. Fuck, he shouldn't have asked. He had promised himself he would stand there in awkward silence, not engaging, not letting him see how much he'd been hurting. But Rozanov had always been good at pulling Shane over the barriers he set for himself.

Rozanov didn't respond immediately, letting the question hang in the space between him. The announcers voice was saying something of the speaker system and Shane tried to focus, tried to center himself.

"I was busy." Came his infuriating reply. So much for focus. Shane's mind spun. What could he even have been busy with? They were at an awards show about to present, Rozanov's

family wouldn't have distracted him, neither would his manager. So then who? An uncomfortable thought clawed its way into Shane's mind, Rozanov's body pressed against some other faceless person, his thumb pushing against parted lips, and the question slipped out before he could stop it—

“With who?”

Rozanov wouldn't look at him, and this time Shane's skin split easier, deeper, and Shane was sure Ilya pierced his heart.

The bathroom was empty. It was the first thing Shane checked after rushing off backstage. He should have locked the door behind him. He should, but he didn't. Just in case.

Just in case what? He asks himself. In case Ilya Rozanov decides he finally wants to chase you? In case he finally wants to keep you?

Shane gasped for a breath, tugging at this collar. Leaning over the sink, he flexed his shoulders, remembering the feeling of Ilya—*fuck*, Rozanov's hand squeezing the back of his neck, running down his spine where it was hidden from the audience. Remembering the feeling of those hands on his skin...

Foot steps, Shane heard footsteps.

The door opened and Shane took a breath, trying to center himself but his mind was slipping, feeling fuzzy and nauseating, similar to the stairwell all those months ago but much more gut wrenching. His hands shook, but he turned as Rozanov leaned against the wall across from him, completely at ease as he looped his arm over the paper towel dispenser. He was always so confident, so in control. Shane wanted to see him break.

“Well...” His accent wrapped around the word, bombarding Shane senses and suddenly he was filled with the urge to cry. The anger rushed over him twice as strong as before, mixed with grief like brackish water. It was all too much, the bright lights from the stage, the cold tile of the bathroom, the thick smell of bleach in the air. Finally Ilya was looking at him again, *finally* his eyes were on Shane, but there was an emptiness to his gaze that made Shane's skin burn, his stomach clench uncomfortably, like Rozanov was looking through him. Like he was nothing.

“What the fuck do you want Rozanov! You haven't answered a text from me in six months so what the fuck do you want from me.” *There*. Something flickered in Rozanov's eyes, gone too fast for Shane to place, but proof that the man he knew was in there. The man who made sure that Shane was okay, the man who leaned over him in that stairwell and kissed him like he was something precious. Something worth loving.

“I want you to suck my dick.”

Shane felt himself plummet, breaking through ice, falling into freezing water below. Shane was going to kill him. He was going to break his perfect nose, send him right back to the

dentist that kept fixing his too white teeth. He was not going to sink to his knees in this cold backstage bathroom, no matter how much he craved Ilya's touch, his praises, his—

“Oh fuck you, you are unbelievable.” Shane said, locking his knees so they couldn't betray him. They shook in protest, his body wanting to drop, give in, do anything to fix whatever was happening in his head. “You suck my dick.”

Rozanov pushed off the wall, crossing the bathroom in slow, long strides, and then his hands were on Shane, gripping his chin roughly, making Shane look at him. Rozanov looked down his nose at him, always so perfect, always some place above, out of reach. Normally Shane didn't mind. Secretly, off the ice, he liked the way Rozanov held him, controlled him, finally gave him a break from the loudness in his mind that told him he needed to do better, *be* better. With Ilya, Shane didn't need to be anything.

Shane kept his eyes on his chest, watching the way the white fabric stretched across it. If he focused he could almost see that golden chain.

“Maybe ask nicely.” Rozanov's voice rumbled, his grip tightening as Shane swayed. He hadn't felt his touch in so long, Rozanov's scent filled his senses, the warmth of his skin chasing away the chill Shane had been feeling for months. His anger melted away, replaced by something softer, his mind still hazy, but more comfortable. His senses that had felt like they were going haywire for months relaxed and suddenly the lights of the bathroom didn't seem so bright, the bleach smell so unbearable, the—

Rozanov squeezed his chin and hummed, reminding Shane that he was waiting for an answer.

“Please.” Shane looked up and finally saw Ilya. *His* Ilya. Attentive eyes watching him, seeing everything, guarded but focused like he knew exactly what was going on in Shane's head, even though Shane didn't.

“No.”

Rozanov ordered Shane back to his seat. Shane wished he had put up more of a fight, but after Ilya looked at him with that softness in his eyes—after he kissed him like he knew exactly what Shane needed—there was nothing Shane wouldn't have done for one more touch, one more kiss, one more night. No matter how much it would hurt. He wiped his eyes and did what he was told.

“Congratulations.” Shane stood in the middle of the room, unsure what to do. Ilya. Ilya would tell him.

“Thank you, now take off your clothes.” Shane's heart stuttered.

Rozanov—because that's who it was, not *his* Ilya—looked like royalty, draped against the wall of his penthouse suite, the glow of the city lights below emphasizing the cut of his jaw,

his cheekbones, the deep set of his eyes under his strong brow. To Shane, he looked like the moon, always shifting, always changing, always pulling Shane closer—but still always so far out of reach.

Shane did as he was told, a heavy weight settling in his stomach as he folded his jacket, shirt, and pants. This was not going to end well, but he couldn't help himself, not when Rozanov was finally looking at him like he needed him again—like he wanted him.

When Rozanov turned and walked into the bedroom, dragging a chair behind him, Shane followed without being asked. He'd follow Ilya just about anywhere, he thought, if it would make the weight in his stomach go away.

For a moment, Shane swore it did. For a moment Ilya was there with him, standing from his chair and looking at Shane like he meant to devour him whole, like he was going to break him down bit by bit and rebuild him again into someone worth keeping.

"I need you."

It was Ilya who threaded his fingers through Shane's hair and pulled his face close, letting Shane breathe in against his jeans, finally, *finally* giving him what he needed.

And then it was done. And his Ilya was gone.

Shane sat next to him in the bed, a tumbler of tequila in his hand. Rozanov was smoking but Shane couldn't find the will to admonish him for it. The weight was back and heavier than before, crushing down on his chest like he was on the bottom on a dogpile. Rozanov was refusing to look at him again and Shane couldn't breathe. He couldn't think. He could barely feel the ice cold glass in his hands.

"I need to sleep." Rozanov reached to put his cigarette out and Shane hurried to get up, to get dressed before he embarrassed himself further. Jesus Christ, he should have known better than to find his way up to Rozanov's room, he should have known he wouldn't have been good enough, that Rozanov wouldn't have wanted to keep him around.

Shane shook his head harshly, trying to shake the thoughts loose. He needed to get out of Ilya's—*Fuck!*—Rozanov's room, he needed to take a shower and quiet his mind, he needed Ilya to hold him and tell him he was good, he did well, he—

Tears sprung to Shane's eyes and he fought back a sob, suddenly grateful the other man had stayed in bed. He needed to leave. He swallowed, hoping his voice wouldn't come out too watery.

"So, uh, I'm off." He said to the wall, clutching onto his jacket as his mind spun.

"Goodbye, Hollander."

And this time, it didn't feel so temporary.

Once Shane was out of Rozanov's room and back in the elevator, his mind really began to spiral. The elevator lights were too bright after the dimness of the penthouse, the smell of the room—of Ilya—no longer surrounding him, grounding him. *Fuck*, what was wrong with his head? He needed... He needed Ilya. But Ilya wasn't an option.

Without thinking, he pulled his phone out of his pocket, pulling up his conversation with 'Lily'. The last message was the room number, and before that... nothing.

We didn't even kiss.

It felt silly to type out. Of course they didn't. Rozanov had made it clear he didn't want Shane. Shane had tried to be good, tried to change his mind, tried to mean something to Ilya. It was just sex. It was just easy. *He* was just easy.

But nothing about the weight in Shane's chest was easy.

He gripped his phone in his hand, his other hand jerking up to clutch onto the collar of his shirt. It was too tight and Shane felt dizzy. He couldn't breathe. He couldn't think, not past the spiral of '*not good enough, not good enough, not good enough*,' echoing in his head. His gaze lifted to the mirrored doors of the elevator. He looked like a mess. Thoroughly fucked. Used. Discarded.

Shit.

His hand clutching his phone spasmed, there was a muted thunk and in the back of his mind he processed that it was the sound of his phone hitting the floor as his now empty hand reached for the hand rail. God, he was dizzy. He felt his knees giving out, the weight in his chest pushing him to join his phone on the floor. *Discarded* He felt clammy, his breath coming faster and faster. *Not good enough*. Then, the elevator dinged.

Hands were on him. They felt wrong. *Not good*. He heard his name. *Not enough*. He opened his eyes, his vision swimming. "Ilya?" He slurred, he knew it was intelligible. '*Not here*'. A face came into focus. '*We are not anything.*'

"Come on, let's get you up."

Scott

Why was the elevator taking so damn long? He just wanted to go out and get a drink with his teammates, and instead he was being held hostage by an elevator that refused to come. He looked over his shoulder at the stairwell, he was a professional athlete he could handle 12 flights of stairs, but his knees ached at the thought, and he groaned.

He checked his pockets again, making sure he had everything that he needed, he would not be waiting for this elevator again, when finally—*ding!*

"Thank god!" The doors slid open, and the victory he felt quickly dissipated, his stomach dropping. There was someone on the ground. No, not just someone—Shane Hollander was

curled against the elevator wall, his breath echoing in the elevator, far too fast and far too shallow. His eyes were scrunched shut against the light, his hands tearing at the collar of his shirt. He muttered something to himself, his hand loosening and clenching around the hand rail above his head. Scott stood stunned. The doors were closing.

“Fuck! Shit,” His hand shot out, stopping the doors from sealing as he rushed into the elevator, squatting by Shane’s side. He reached out, slapping Shane’s cheek lightly, trying to get a reaction. “Shane, kid, hey,” he knew Shane wasn’t a kid anymore, but there was something about him that made Scott want to take him under his wing. Maybe it was the way he’d let hockey take over his entire life that made Scott feel protective over him, always trying to be better, to top his last performance.

Maybe it was the way he watched Ilya Rozanov across the ice.

The doors began to close again so Scott shoved his foot in front of the sensor, patting at Shane’s face again.

“Shane, buddy, come on, open your eyes for me.”

Shane’s skin was cold and clammy to his touch, but his eyes fluttered open, and he mumbled something, a name Scott knew well, then they came into focus and panic flashed through them as Shane tried to sit up. He jerked backwards and slamming into the elevator wall, Scott’s hand shot out from his cheek and around the back of his head, just in time to keep Shane’s head from hitting the metal.

“God Shane, don’t we get enough head trauma at work?” Scott tried to joke, hoping the sharpness in Shane’s eyes meant he was coming around. Scott backed off, giving him a bit of space but when Shane just stared at him he sighed. He needed to get him out of the elevator and hidden away, then he would find out what was wrong. The world did not get to see Shane Hollander unresponsive and despondent in a hotel elevator, especially not smelling like sex and vodka. The press would have a field day. Scott sighed, so much for that drink.

“Alright, come on, let’s get you up.” Scott slipped a hand under Shane’s arm. Shane was shorter than the average NHL player, but he was still a full grown man and a highly skilled professional athlete, lifting him was not an easy task. Luckily, his eyes had cleared a bit more, focusing in on Scott’s face, and he was able to get his feet under him as Scott pulled him up. Finally standing, Scott wrapped his arm around Shane’s waist, guiding him out of the elevator.

“My phone,” Shane mumbled just as the elevator doors were starting to close again. Scott looked over his shoulder and cursed, he leaned Shane against the wall and ran back to grab the phone. It buzzed as he picked it up and Scott looked on pure instinct.

Jane: *We didn’t even kiss*

Lily: *Where are you?*

Scott looked up at Shane, his eyes were closed again but he was still upright. Scott slipped the phone into his pocket.

Ilya Rozanov would have to wait.

Ilya

Ilya lit another cigarette.

Fuck.

Why the fuck did he send Shane away like that? He knew better. He knew he should have let him stay, hell, he *wanted* him to stay. But Shane started asking questions. Questions that Ilya couldn't answer for him. Shane thought that he wanted to know Ilya, but Ilya knew better. He knew the moment he let those walls down, the moment Shane saw what a fuck up he was, he would run away.

Ilya wasn't made for a relationship, certainly not with someone as nice, and talented, and *good* as Shane Hollander. But that didn't mean that Ilya didn't want him. And, god, did Ilya want him.

Ilya *burned* for Shane Hollander.

Shane was right from the beginning, this was a bad idea, but Ilya liked trouble. He liked the thrill.

He just didn't plan on falling in love.

He didn't know how it happened, he'd always been so careful. Too many people had left him behind, people who were supposed to love him. Ilya Rozanov did not love, he fought, he fucked, he skated. But he didn't love. By the time he'd realized he'd fallen it was too late.

It was the first night he'd gone over to Shane's. He'd been so sweet, so pliant after, and then, in classic Hollander fashion, he'd complained about the mess. The words made Ilya want to kiss the air out of him, burry so deep into Shane's mind, his *bones* that there was no space left for worry—no space left for anything other than Shane and Ilya. As Ilya showered, his thoughts had drifted back to the man he'd left in bed; his freckles; the way his eyes scrunched up when he smiled; his talent on the ice, fierce and focused; the way he moved under Ilya when Hollander and Rozanov were stripped away; the noises he made, stuttered breathes and wimpers as Ilya pushes into him.

Ilya rushed to scrub away the sweat and cum, quicker than he'd ever bothered to be. He wanted to be back with Shane. It wasn't until he fell back into bed and Shane tilted his head up, pressing a lazy kiss to his lips that he realized:

He was in love with Shane Hollander. And he was pretty sure Shane was falling for him too.

He tried to pull away, he knew no good would come from Shane loving him. If Shane wouldn't stop it, wouldn't save himself, then Ilya would have to distance them. Shane had made it clear that he didn't want anyone to know about them, that Ilya was his dirty little secret, Ilya was okay with that—but Shane deserved more than to love in secret. He deserved

flowers and dinner dates, someone who could scream to the world their love, not hide it away in the shadows.

But as Shane sat there, light and smiley in the stairwell, Ilya hadn't been able to help himself. Tomorrow. He'd break his own heart tomorrow, anything if it meant saving Shane's.

He leaned over Shane, taking in his unfocused gaze; his soft, happy smile; the way his eyes momentarily crossed as he focused on Ilya's necklace. He'd kissed him the way he deserved. Soft. Careful. Loving.

And when he said goodbye, he didn't let himself think that that was the end. He would give himself the night to be happy, to be in love.

But it had been the end. At least, it should have been. And then Shane found him in Russia and Ilya realized he'd been too late. Shane Hollander loved him and that thought sent him spinning.

More than Russia's loss. More than his father's anger and disappointment. Shane Hollander loved him and because of that he was ruined.

Shane Hollander loved him, and one day he would stop. Because Ilya wasn't made for loving. Ilya was made for being left behind.

"We are not anything."

Liar.

Ilya watched the crowd so he wouldn't have to watch Shane's reaction, watch those eyes dance across his face as he processed what Ilya was saying.

He watched the crowd so he wouldn't have to watch Shane's heart break. Because it was easier that way, because he wouldn't have been able to take it. Because if he had looked into Shane's eyes and watched his heart shatter Ilya would have done anything to fix it.

It was easier this way, before they got in too deep. Before a broken heart meant a shattered life.

"Life" Ha. Life felt like a joke without Shane, but it had gone on. Mundane and muted, it had gone on. Ilya had gone back to Boston, won the cup, gone home to Russia, cared for his father, and life went on.

Ilya's heart left Sochi with Shane, and life went on.

When he was told he was going to present with Shane that night at the clown show, he set himself some rules: avoid Hollander until the last second; be an asshole to make Shane hate him; and get so drunk he couldn't get it up so he didn't send a text he regretted.

And then Shane was looking at him with anger and betrayal in his eyes and asked him who he'd been so busy with, and Ilya couldn't tell him it had been *him*, that he'd been so busy in the shadows, watching Shane pace like a lion in captivity, waiting for his prey. And then they

were on stage and Shane's shoulder was brushing against his chest, and the smell of his cologne, his skin, was filling Ilya's senses. And Ilya hadn't been able to help himself, couldn't hold back from reaching out and squeezing the back of Shane's neck. And the bathroom...

Fuck, the bathroom.

Ilya had wanted to drop to his knees right there, either to beg for forgiveness or to do as Shane asked, but there was something in the other man's gaze that held him back.

Ilya had been with submissive partners before, he'd seen that fuzzy, unfocused look in their eyes, felt the way they leaned into him as they gave themselves over to him fully. The trust they placed in him always gave Ilya a rush—trust that Ilya would please them, would be good to them, would keep them safe. Shane's trust was on another level, a man so careful, so cautious, letting Ilya in, like he was worthy. He knew that back in Montreal Shane had dropped, just slightly. It hadn't been intentional on his part, he didn't even think Shane noticed, but he'd seen it in that glazed look in his eyes when Ilya kissed him in the stairwell.

It was a lot like the look Shane got when Ilya grabbed his chin in the bathroom and told him to ask nicely. And when Ilya bumped his forehead against Shane's and felt Shane collapse into him like a dying star, like he needed rest, Ilya knew what Shane needed couldn't happen in a public bathroom. So Ilya sent him away, and Ilya invited him to his penthouse, and Ilya took and took and took and when it was time to give he realized he didn't know how. He just sat there, his mind racing as he tried to figure out what to do. Shane was sitting next to him an awkward, unhappy atmosphere in the air, heavy like just before a storm, and Ilya didn't know how to break it. But he knew he was running out of time.

He should have wrapped an arm around Shane and pulled him close, whispered *'I'm sorry'* between kisses, told Shane that he'd done so well for Ilya. But it was as if a wall sat between them, constructed of words left unsaid, months of worry and tears, and repressed emotions. Was it his? Or was it Shane's? What would happen if Ilya reached across it? If he laid his heart out for Shane and the other man decided he didn't like what he saw? Would he be disappointed like Ilya's father?

Would he leave him like his mother?

"I need to sleep." The words were out of his mouth before he had fully translated them in his head. No, wait, he wanted Shane to stay. He needed Shane to stay.

But Shane muttered something in agreement and started to rise. Ilya's heart screamed at him to grab Shane's hand and pull him back, to stand and follow him, to back him against the window and fuck him so the whole world can see who Shane Hollander belonged to.

Instead, he remained in his bed, sheet draped over his lap, cigarette in hand, as if rooted to the spot. He listened to the sound of Shane redressing, wishing he knew what to say to fix this all. For a moment Ilya thought he heard a sniffle, almost he stands, and the Shane cleared his throat.

“So, uh, I’m off.” Shane’s voice was a little choked but it was steady. How foolish was he to think that Shane would need him. He was the strongest, most steady man Ilya knew. He didn’t need Ilya. Not the way Ilya needed him.

To keep, *forever*.

“Goodbye, Hollander.” *Please don’t leave*.

The door clicked shut, quiet on its oiled hinges but Ilya felt like it should have slammed. A full stop. The end to their story.

Fuck, what had he done.

Ilya was pacing. He had been since the footsteps outside of his room faded. His phone was clenched in his hand, glowing up at him as if it could replace the light that left with Shane. ‘Jane’s’ contact was up on his phone, mocking him. Months of unanswered texts and then one from him, his room number.

Fuck. Ilya should text him. He should call him. He should pound on every door in the hotel until he is face to face with Shane again and he should beg for his forgiveness.

Instead, he keeps pacing.

Until his phone buzzes.

Jane: *We didn’t even kiss*

Ilya’s brows draw together. That’s not a message Shane would send. It’s too open, too unguarded. Too *needy*.

Shit.

He types out a response.

Lily: *Where are you?*

Ilya waits. And waits. The message immediately was marked read but no bubbles pop up.

Lily: *Are you okay?*

Nothing. Ilya’s heart begins to race in his chest. Shane could be ignoring him, god knows Ilya deserved it after months of the silent treatment. But Shane isn’t Ilya, Shane is better. A better player, a better friend, a better man. Ilya grits his teeth.

Lily: *Shane. Answer me right now. Where are you?*

Ilya waits thirty seconds after it’s marked read and hits the call button. It rings out, no answer. Shane’s voice comes on the answering machine, Ilya had never heard the recording before.

Ilya had never called.

“This is Shane Hollander. Unless I didn’t give you this number, then uh... just some random Canadian. Bye.”

A smile flickers at the corner of Ilya’s mouth and then the phone beeps, reminding him why he’s calling. Reminding him that that voice is just a recording. His knees grow weak, so he sinks to the floor at the foot of the bed, staring at the chair he’d dragged in not an hour before, when nothing was right but at least Shane was there. Safe.

“Hollander.” He says into the speaker. “Shane. Tell me you’re okay.” Ilya pauses, then, “Please.” The message time cuts off before he can find it within him to hang up the phone. Ilya’s hand falls to his side. He lifts his knees, letting his forehead rest of them.

And waits.

Ten minutes later Ilya’s phone is finally buzzing. He doesn’t bother to read the contact name, no one else would be calling him. He won so it wouldn’t be his father, he has no reason to be disappointed and he certainly wouldn’t call with congratulations. Ilya’s teammates were already out, they had tried to get him to join them but he had plans with Shane.

Shane, there was no one other than Shane. He yanked the phone to his ear, mashing the green button before the first buzz even finished.

“Shane,” Ilya’s voice was desperate, ripped from some place deep inside of him. He needed to know that he’s okay, that he’s safe, that he’s breathing—

“Rozanov.” A low voice came across the line and Ilya’s stomach dropped. It takes Ilya a second to place Scott Hunter’s voice, he normally only hears it taunting him on the ice. But Hunter and Shane are friends, or at least acquaintances. Ilya had long suspected that Scott was into men, and that Hunter thought the same about them.

Rage boiled in his veins. Had Shane gone to him when Ilya kicked him out? Did he go right down and fall into Scott Hunter’s bed? Let Hunter fuck him the way Ilya did? Fill him the way Ilya did? Hold him the way Ilya wanted to? Was Hunter calling him to rub it in? Shane wouldn’t allow it but if he was all warm and fuzzy and pliant in Scott Hunter’s bed he wouldn’t notice a missing phone.

Ilya’s free hand curled into a fist. No, Shane wouldn’t do that, he was too cautious, he...

He was Ilya’s.

“What the fuck did you do?” Hunter’s voice echoed through the phone, derailing Ilya’s thoughts. Ilya ignored the question.

“Where’s Shane?” Ilya demanded. He heard Hunter scoff across the phone.

"In my bed, jackass." Ilya's heart stopped, for a moment he felt nothing. Then fury filled him, white hot and burning. His fingers tightened around his phone and he heard it creak, he wanted to throw it across the room and hear the screen shatter. But he needed to know where Shane was.

Still, he needed to break something. Preferably Scott Hunter's pretty boy face.

A growl ripped out of his throat. *"Jesus, not like that, Rozanov. What the fuck did you do to him? I found him in the elevator smelling like sex and out of his head."*

Ilya felt doused in ice water. He shot to his feet, looking around for pants. God, why was he still naked? He should have been ready. Ready to run the moment Shane called, the moment Shane may have wanted him back, so Ilya could reach him before he changed his mind.

"Room number." He demanded, finally finding his dress pants from the ceremony and yanking them up his legs.

"What the fuck? No, not until you tell me what happened. If you think I'm going to let you near him after I found him like that-" Hunter's voice was firm, forceful, but Ilya didn't give a fuck what he was saying, all he knew was he wasn't hearing a room number. He shrugged on his shirt, not bothering to button it.

"I don't care!" He shouted into the phone. "I don't care what you have to say, Hunter! Make your threats some other time. Just tell me where my—" He cut himself off, unsure how to finish that sentence, "where Shane is. *Please.*" Ilya's voice cracked pathetically. Hunter is silent for a moment, either considering or surprised, then he hums.

"Please, huh? Didn't know you knew that word, Rozanov." Ilya sneers at the wall, still not hearing a room number. *"Fine. Room 1208. But-"*

Ilya disconnects the call, already walking out the door.

He was going to find Shane. He was going to make this better. No matter how it all ended, he needed to know that his heart was okay.

Chapter 2: Such a Lovable Lamb to Me

Chapter Summary

Ilya gets to Shane, heavy petting and a little steaminess ensue.

Chapter Notes

HI!!!! Oh my god, thank you all for all your support!!! I haven't written fic in forever and honestly, this was the best experience. I'm sorry it took so long to get the second chapter up, I'm not used to writing smut and I kept giving up and restarting. Hopefully I was able to meet yalls expectations!!!

And oh, our poor boy Ilya, he really needs a hug...

Translations are in text, I wrote it with the intention of having the reveal for one of the nicknames at the end but I always google because I need to know, so not judgment here.

For fans who haven't read the book, it is very important to me that you all know that Ilya canonically calls Shane sweetheart...

Anyways!! Toodaloo!! Have fun, you freaks! I hope you enjoy and please leave a comment if you do!! They fuel me >:)

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Ilya

The stairwell door slammed open as Ilya put his entire body weight against it, shoving it hard until it banged against the opposite wall. Floor 12. Ilya refused to wait for the elevator, refused to waste even a single second between leaving his room and getting to Shane. He pounded down the stairs until he saw the sign for floor 12, his knees aching from the impact, his lungs gasping for air despite being a professional athlete. Was it the exertion that made his breath come fast? Or was it the panic deep in his bones, rooted into his sinew, into his cells? He didn't know, all he knew was that he needed to get to Shane.

Hunter hadn't said what was wrong with him but Ilya had a theory. A terrible, awful, very likely theory, that he sent Shane away mid drop, uncared for and unprotected. *God*, he never should have let Shane leave without holding him tight, without telling him how good he'd been.

Let? The thought rose unbidden and Ilya clenched his jaw. *Made. You made him leave.* He ran a hand through his curls, tugging sharply at the roots, until the only thought in his mind was from the pain. He deserved worse. He would get worse, he'd make sure of it, but for now he needed to find Shane. That was what mattered, all that mattered.

His eyes slid across the doors as he began to run again, watching the numbers tick down.

1232.

Fuck, he should have known better. 1228. He did know better. 1220. He knew he had pushed Shane farther than he had before, further into submission. 1216. And then he'd sent him away. 1212. Ilya rounded a corner, halting in his tracks. He didn't need to be counting after all.

Scott Hunter stood against the closed door of room 1208 like a goalie guarding his net, his head snapping up as Ilya rounded the corner, brows drawing together as he took in Ilya's appearance. Ilya knew what he saw—a riot of curls, half straightened, first from Shane's tugging, then from Ilya's; a partially buttoned shirt, probably uneven with buttons in incorrect holes; bare feet, his dress shoes would have taken too long, his slides would have slowed him down. And a panicked face.

“Jesus man, did you run here?” Hunter asked, straightening up from where he had his shoulder perched against the door jam, as he watched Ilya's chest rise and fall. Ilya narrowed his eyes, he didn't have time for such stupid questions. He glanced from Hunter, to the door, then back, closing the rest of the distance in long strides until he was encroaching on Hunter's personal space. Ilya didn't care. Hunter was in his way.

“Move.” Ilya growled. Hunter crossed his arms and looked down his nose at Ilya. The bastard was only an inch taller than him but somehow he managed it. Ilya wanted to punch him, and if the look on Hunter's face was anything to go by, the feeling was very much mutual. Good, Ilya deserved it.

“No.” Hunter stepped forward closing the small gap that Ilya had left. They were nose to nose but Ilya refused to be the one to back away first. “What the fuck did you do to him? He's delirious and slurring, he smells like vodka. Christ, Rozanov did you...” Hunter cut himself off, dragging in a slow breath as his eyes darted away from Ilya's to look up and down the hall. His jaw clenched, hard, and Ilya realized that his fists were clenched at his sides as well. “Did you drug him? I've never seen—”

Ilya moves before he fully processes what is happening, both hands shooting out to grab Hunter by the collar of his shirt, shoving him back against the door behind him. He hits it with a solid thump, and Ilya swears he hears a yelp from inside. He needs to get through that door, even if it means using Scott Hunter as a goddamn battering ram.

“You know *nothing*.” Ilya spits, eyes darting over Hunter's face. The man doesn't even have the decency to flinch, his hands never leaving his side. “You *are* nothing to me. Now are you going to let me through or am I using you to break this door down? I need to see Hollander or—”

“Or what, Ilya? Are you going to hit me?” Hunter’s voice is almost mocking. He knew what Ilya was capable of, hell, he’d had multiple first hand experiences with an angry Ilya on the ice. But Ilya wasn’t just angry, he was *furious* and...and scared. Scared for Shane, scared for himself, scared about whatever this all meant for them. And yet, Scott Hunter didn’t show an ounce of fear. The only emotions Ilya could see on his face were worry and anger.

”Your boy is in there in *my* bed and you’re here threatening me instead of doing what you need to do to get to him.” His hands raise, gripping tightly to Ilya’s wrists and wrenching them off of him. “Tell me what you did to my friend.”

Ilya looked up and down the hallway. They were alone, but Ilya knew how thin hotel walls could be after living within them for so much of his life. He shook his head. Shane would kill him if something he said was overheard. That is, if Shane ever even looks at him again.

Ilya didn’t think he could live without the weight of Shane Hollander’s eyes on him again.

He shakes his head and Hunter’s grip tightens around his wrists.

“Not here.” Ilya’s voice is firm but pleading.

“Well it’s not gonna be inside so what are we gonna do, Rozy? Wanna head on back to your penthouse so we can have a nice little chat?” Hunter’s voice dripped with sarcasm and disapproval. Ilya surged forward again, but Hunter’s grip on his wrists stays firm, unyielding. His hands tighten until Ilya is sure he’ll have bruises in the morning, but the pain centers him, bringing his mind into focus.

“*Fuck.*” Ilya groans, yanking his hands free, and Hunter lets him go. Ilya takes a step back, running a hand through his hair in frustration before raking it over his face. “I... We...” Ilya balls his fists, unsure where to start, unsure what to say—if he even had the words for it in English. “We’ve been meeting since rookie year. I don’t know what I am to him, but, god, he’s everything to me.” Ilya opens his eyes to see Hunter watching him, arms once again crossed. He dips his chin prompting Ilya to continue. “I pushed... I pushed him too far tonight. Didn’t take care of him after. I—” Ilya growls, frustrated with himself, unable to find the right words. He squeezes his eyes shut, then he checks the hallway again. “Do you know what, um... Subspace is?”

Hunter considers the question for a moment, then nods hesitantly.

“Not well,” He says, “But I know a thing or two...” He trails off and Ilya sees the moment it clicks. Hunter’s eyes widen, then narrow, anger flashing in them again. “You’re telling me that you went through a whole,” Hunter also glances around them, then leans forward, dropping his voice to a harsh whisper. “A whole scene, or whatever, and then you sent him out into the hotel alone? A hotel filled with players, and managers, and the fucking *press*?” Hunter looks like he wants to skin Ilya alive.

Ilya almost wants to laugh at Hunter’s astonishment, his phrasing. Never did Ilya expect to hear Scott Hunter talking about scenes. Ilya didn’t even use that word. He didn’t think Shane even *knew* it. But the anger flashing in Hunter’s eyes has Ilya’s brain screaming *danger, danger, danger*. Ilya had never seen him so angry, so enraged before, on or off the ice.

Ilya's body is on the back foot before his conscious brain catches up, the innate desire to live forcing him away from Hunter's fury. Until Ilya remembers this is what he wants, what he deserves, what he *needs* so he can go in there and be good for Shane. He forces his feet forward, until he's once again toe to toe with Scott Hunter. His lips curl into the same mocking smile he uses on the ice when he wants to goad another player into hitting him first.

"Are you going to hit me?" He parrots Hunter's earlier words back at him, knowing he hits his mark when the other man's eyes flash dangerously. Ilya watches Hunter's nostrils flare as he takes a deep breath, his chest rising beneath his nice linen shirt. But he doesn't swing. He doesn't shove. He doesn't even lift a hand. He leans further into Ilya's space, staring him down until Ilya feels his smile falter. Only once Ilya's hands start to fidget, his eyes start to dart over Hunter's face, does the other man speak.

"Would that make you feel better?" Hunter's voice is quiet, deadly. "You want me to break your nose? Give you a black eye?" Hunter doesn't touch him, keeping mere centimeters of distance between their bodies. "Do you really think that would help? You're smarter than that Ilya. Be smarter. For him."

The sureness in Hunter's voice stuns Ilya. How can he be so confident in Ilya, so certain? Ilya's breath leaves him in a shaky rush. How could he believe in Ilya when Ilya didn't even believe in himself?

"Tell me what to do." Ilya's voice was nearly a whisper in the hallway, more honest, more real, than he'd ever expected to let Scott Hunter see him. Hunter raised a brow.

"I thought you liked being in charge." When Ilya narrowed his eyes at him Hunter huffed out a breath and shook his head. "Sorry, not the time."

"No." Ilya agreed, already his walls were rising again. This was a mistake. He shouldn't be standing in this hallway asking for help, he should be inside where his heart was laying, beating, outside of his body.

God, Shane. *His* Shane. His boy. Ilya hadn't let himself think it but when Hunter said it... It had felt good. Right. He had to feel so scared, so alone, what was Ilya doing standing in the hallway having a chat with fucking Scott Hunter.

Just as Ilya was about to shove again, Hunter took a step away. He lifted his hand, squeezing Ilya's shoulder lightly as he finally answered Ilya's question.

"We're gonna go in there, you're gonna see your boy, we're gonna make sure he's okay." Hunter listed off, the atmosphere finally lightening. "And then you're both gonna get the hell out of my room so I can call *my* boyfriend and maybe still have a fun night."

Ilya nods, refusing to give Hunter the satisfaction of Ilya hearing his 'Scott Hunter is gay' theory be proved right. He watches Scott fish the keycard out of his pocket, urgency flowing back into him as the seconds slip past. He starts to tap his foot and Scott looks back at him, raising a brow. Finally he pulls out the card but he doesn't put it in the door, instead he turns to Ilya once more.

“What are you-“ Ilya starts to complain but Scott cuts him off.

“I want to be clear before we go in there. Good for you and Shane, I’m glad there’s someone else in the league like me, like us.” Scott pauses, his eyes narrowing, kind expression dropping. “Pull something like this again and I will break your kneecaps so you’ll never skate again. Not even with the peewees.” Ilya swallows, then nods. Scott watches him a second more then nods as well, slapping Ilya on the shoulder. It should be a friendly gesture, but Scott packed enough force behind it to rattle his bones, to make it clear he meant his threat and could deliver on it.

Ilya didn’t bother to say that if he ever hurt Shane again Scott was going to have to wait in line right behind Ilya.

Ilya didn’t know what he was expecting when he stepped into the room. Maybe strewn clothes, tattered curtains, furniture knocked to the ground—a mess that mirrored the storm that raged inside him. The very ground he walked on was shaking, so why should Scott’s room be untouched?

Ilya scanned the room desperately, eyes darting until they landed on the bed, the man sitting at the edge of it. Shane had his feet planted on the floor, hands clasped in his lap, head bowed as he stared at the rug. He’d make a pretty picture, still in his tight white dress shirt and slacks. If it weren’t for the shaking, the unnatural silence. Ilya’s heart sank into his stomach.

He felt Scott step up beside him, refusing to take his eyes off Shane to look at him.

“I tried to make him comfortable but he wouldn’t lay down. He just sat there and refused to move again.” Ilya nodded, watching Shane as Scott spoke. He didn’t move, didn’t show any sign of hearing them or even processing that there was someone in the room with him.

Ilya takes a step forward and it’s as if that slight movement brakes a dam in him. He rushes across the room, desperate to get his hands on Shane; to touch him: to hold him. He wants to fall on his knees at Shane’s perfectly placed feet, put his head in his lap, beg for his forgiveness. But that’s what Ilya needed, what mattered now was Shane.

Ilya pauses directly in front of Shane, the tips of their toes nearly brushing, Ilya’s bare feet clashing with the shining, polished black of Shane’s dress shoes. Ilya reaches out to cup his cheek, feeling the muscles spasm under his light touch. He slips his palm down, under Shane’s chin and lifts. His eyes follow obediently as Ilya forces his face to rise, until those inky black pupils are staring blankly at him, fuzzy and unfocused.

“*Moye Serdtse,*” Ilya whispers in Russian. *My heart.* “You did so well to find a friend.” Ilya says slowly, keeping his voice low. He hears a throat clear as he runs his finger over Shane’s jaw.

“Technically I found him.” Scott’s voice came from across the room. Ilya rolls his eyes internally but doesn’t let his frustration show in case Shane thinks it is directed at him. Ilya forces himself to take a deep breath.

“Leave.” Ilya replied, turning his head to speak over his shoulder, but not taking his eyes off Shane. When Shane shifts on the bed, moving to stand, Ilya’s fingers tighten on his chin. “Not you, *Solnyshko*, you stay.” *Forever, if you wouldn’t mind.*

“Leave!” Comes Scott’s shocked reply. “This is *my* room!” Ilya hums, squatting down in front of Shane so he can be on eye level.

“Where is your room key, sweetheart?” Shane doesn’t respond but his eyes slowly drop to his left pocket. Ilya reaches out, carefully slipping his fingers into Shane’s pocket, pulling out a keycard. He checks it, finding the room number written on it. Nodding, he drops a chaste kiss on the top of Shane’s clothed knee. “Good job, wait here for me.”

Ilya rises fluidly, crossing the room to Scott and holds out the card.

“You are still his coworker, he doesn’t need to be seen like this.” He thrust the card a little further. “1337, send me the bill for this room. I’d give you the penthouse, but I don’t think you want to be in that bed.” A cocky lit sneaks back into Ilya’s voice, unable to help himself when it comes to Scott Hunter. Scott glares at him a moment longer then sighs, dropping his shoulders.

“Fine.” He grabs his still packed suitcase one handed and turns towards the door. “But I’m raiding the mini fridge. And don’t be surprised when Shane gets a few pay per-view charges on his bill.” Ilya shrugs, he’ll make Shane send that to him as well, not that his businessman couldn’t foot a few tequila sodas. He watches as Scott nears the door, waiting until the very last moment, until his hand is on the hooked handle, pulling it down and then-

“Scott,” Ilya calls out, they name feels funny rolling off his lips, either due to his accent or maybe because he’s never used it before. Scott Hunter looks over his shoulder, brow raised, waiting. “Thank you.” There was a genuinity to Ilya’s voice that he knew the man hadn’t heard before, so different from the way he conducted himself around opposing players.

Scott smiles, nods, and the door clicks shut behind him.

Alone. They are alone. They are alone and Shane is hurting and Ilya needs to fix it. He takes a deep breath, squaring his shoulders, shaking out his hands. He needs to fix this. He is going to fix this.

Ilya turns on his heel, eyes immediately finding Shane on the bed, head once again dropped between his shoulders. He takes a step forward, hands rising and making quick work of the few fastened buttons on his shirt. He’s had limited experience with submissive partners but he knows that direct skin contact helps with come downs, and he knows Shane. *God*, he knows Shane. He knows how he likes to be touched, likes to be fucked, likes to be filled. But does he know how to hold him? How to help him?

It doesn’t matter. Not really. Not anymore. Not when Shane was sitting on the bed drowning in his own head, needing help. Needing Ilya.

Ilya knows Shane, and what he doesn't know he will learn.

He crosses the room again, shirt on but hanging open at his sides. He needs to take this slow, pay attention to every flicker of emotion, of want, across Shane's face. He stops when they are once again toe to toe, and Ilya wonders how much Shane is seeing, how much he is processing.

Slow. Take it slow.

Ilya was never good at slow, but for Shane he would be.

He reaches out, threading his fingers through Shane's soft hair until he is gripping him by the back of the head, tugging slightly, just enough to ground him. He brings Shane's face up once again, his other hand lifting to frame his cheek, thumb skittering over sharp cheekbones, soft lips. His skin is cold and clammy under Ilya's hand, but it doesn't matter.

"You're so perfect," Ilya whispers, watching the words land. Shane's eyes flicker, a soft gasp falling from his lips. Ilya smiles, genuine and soft. "So responsive." His hand gripping Shane's hair tightens slightly, forcing Shane to bare his neck further as Ilya's free hand drops to it, tracing his tendon, thumb grazing over his adam's apple. Shane whines and Ilya feels a teasing edge form to his smile.

He lets his hand encircle Shane's throat, squeezing the sides gently, and watches the tension melt out of Shane's body—his shoulders deflating, tightly gripped hands loosening.

"Tell me what you need, *Solnyshko*." The command leaves Ilya's lips even though he is unsure if Shane has the capacity to speak. Shane doesn't answer. Not with words. His hands reach out, gripping at the waist of Ilya's dress pants, holding him tightly, pulling him closer. Shane rests his face against Ilya's stomach, nosing along his abdominal muscles, breathing him in. Ilya lets his grip on Shane's hair loosen, scratching lightly at his scalp. He looks down at Shane, nearly chuckling as he rubs his nose along Ilya's happy trail, over his hip bones, and has the faint thought that, if he'd been capable, Shane would certainly be purring.

Ilya stands there, barefoot with his shirt open, letting Shane take what he wants, what he needs. His fingers thread through Ilya's belt loops, latching on tight. Ilya drops his hands to Shane's shoulders, rubbing down to his shoulder blades before dragging them back up, nearly growling at the feel of the rough fabric beneath his fingers. They needed skin. He slips two fingers beneath the collar of Shane's shirt and tilts his head, ducking down slightly so he can get a better view to read Shane's face.

"Hollander," Ilya's voice catches on the name. It feels wrong. It *is* wrong. "Shane." He corrects, waiting to continue until Shane lifts his eyes to meet Ilya's, his face tilting up, chin resting on the skin just above Ilya's pants. Ilya smiles at the pretty picture he makes—eyes still fuzzy but more present, lips parted—and pets through his hair, around the back of his ear. Shane hums, his tongue darting out to wet his lips, only, he must get distracted because a moment later he's licking along the cut line of Ilya's hip bone. Ilya groans, fingers flexing.

"Come here." Ilya orders, pulling lightly at Shane's hair, guiding him up Ilya's body. Shane lets himself be pulled onto his feet, his fingers still clutching tightly at Ilya's belt loops, nose

and lips dragging up Ilya's sternum, his neck, until they're eye to eye. Ilya smiles, drawing a thumb over those pretty, pouty lips, unsurprised when Shane parts them, allowing Ilya's thumb inside his warm, wet mouth, scraping his teeth over the finger pad. His eyes stay fixed on Ilya's.

"*Fuck*," Ilya hisses, pushing his thumb in further as Shane's tongue twirls around it. "God, you are perfect." Shane moans, seemingly content to remain like this, mouth full, Ilya whispering praises. Ilya feels his cock thicken in his dress pants. Dipping his head to kiss the corner of Shane's mouth, he tries to use his free hand to begin unbuttoning Shane's shirt, needing it off, needing to feel his skin. From the way Shane was writhing, Ilya was sure he needed it as well.

Ilya's fingers fumble, getting two buttons undone before getting stuck on the third, his body jerking as Shane sucks hard on the thumb in his mouth. Ilya curses, it is impossible to focus, to get his fingers to obey with Shane staring and sucking, fully blissed out as he swayed slightly.

Ilya abandons his task momentarily, smoothing a hand down Shane's side, nosing under Shane's chin to kiss along his jaw line, up to his ear.

"I need my hand back," Ilya whispers, voice rough, and Shane growls, teeth sinking into Ilya's nailbed. Ilya bites back a curse and pulls back just enough to meet Shane's eyes, raising a brow at him, unimpressed. He taps his fingers that were not encompassed by Shane's mouth against his hollowed cheeks.

"Brat." He mutters, squeezing Shane's hip. The look in Shane's eye tells Ilya he would be grinning if his mouth weren't already occupied. God, he was trouble. Ilya ducks his head so they're eye to eye. "You need something else to keep that pretty mouth occupied?" Ilya asks, tone slipping into condescension, and Shane's pupils blow.

Ilya smirks at him. Knowing just what his boy needs, Ilya pulls his thumb from Shane's mouth with a *pop*. Shane whines, his eyes tracking Ilya's hand hungrily as he glides it down his own chest, pinching his shining crucifix between two fingers and lifting it.

"Open." Ilya's voice is firm, commanding, and Shane's mouth immediately parts again. Ilya places the golden cross between those plush lips, watching, *groaning*, as Shane draws it deep into his mouth. He doesn't want to take his eyes off of him, but he leans in close again, dragging his lips over Shane's cheek bone until his lips are brushing against his ear. "Good boy," He whispers, raking his teeth over cartilage before sealing his lips around Shane's earlobe and sucking.

An absolutely wrecked sound wrenches its way free from Shane's chest, sounding almost painful even as he melts, boneless against Ilya. Ilya holds him for a few moments, arms tight as he sways them lightly, his lips kissing over every inch of skin he can reach.

"You're doing so well for me, *Solnyshko*," Ilya says eventually, voice low as he breaks the silence. "*Moye Solnyshko*." He pulls away just enough to get his hands between them, setting back to the task of unbuttoning Shane's shirt. Placing an open mouthed kiss against Shane's

collarbone the moment it was free from the shirt, he straightens again so he can watch Shane's face as he continues to unbutton his shirt.

His boy was fully blissed out, Ilya's golden chain disappearing between his lips. His hands were still clutching Ilya's pants, forcing Ilya to arch himself backwards to watch him, their hips pressed together. Shifting his hips slightly so he could feel Shane's hard cock rub against his own, he watched Shane's reaction; his eyes roll back, flutter closed; his jaw clenching around Ilya's neckless, the chain pulling tightly around the back of Ilya's neck. Ilya's fingers fumbled on the last few buttons.

Fuck. Fuck this shirt, Ilya would replace it. He would buy Shane hundreds of shirts if it meant getting him out of this one right now.

He grips both sides of the shirt above the buttons and yanks, hearing the satisfying sound of buttons popping and fabric ripping. He's rewarded as a beautiful whimper falls from Shane's lips, wanton and unreserved, a sound Shane never would have allowed if he weren't floating. Finally, *finally*, Ilya's hands were free to touch, free to roam. He flattens them to the hard planes of Shane's stomach, pushing up, up, up, until he's dragging the shirt down over Shane's shoulders and letting it drop to the floor. Shane moaned at his touch, his own hands finally moving, sneaking around Ilya's back to clutch at his ass.

Ilya grabs his chin again, guiding him to meet his eyes. He lifts his thumb, wrapping it around the gold chain and pulling lightly, smiling as Shane's lips tighten around it, not letting it be yanked free. Ilya hums.

"Should I fuck you?" Ilya ponders, watching Shane's face closely for any reaction to his words, good or bad. "Or should I put you on your knees and let you have your fill?" Shane's jaw ticks at that, his eyes flashing, and Ilya has his answer. He smiles, Shane is so easy to read like this—without his walls, without his fronting, his need to be perfect, be better. And Ilya finally knows exactly what to give him, how to take care of him. Even so, Ilya needs to hear it.

"I need you to say it, Shane," Ilya says, voice firm as he holds Shane's eyes. "I need to hear that you're okay with this." Ilya strokes down Shane's cheek, resting his hand on Shane's shoulder so his thumb brushes lightly over his adam's apple, loosely circling the left side of his neck. He watches as the gears move inside Shane's head, giving him time to process as his eyes zone in on Ilya's lips.

"I—" His voice is rough from disuse and slurred around the necklace still in his mouth. His lips part, letting it fall, wet and warm, against the center of Ilya's chest. "I want you to put me on my knees." Shane whispers and Ilya smiles lovingly.

"What do we say?" He can't help but tease, expecting a sassy remark, maybe a smack or a nip. Instead Shane holds his eyes, sways in close, and simply whispers—

"Please."

Ilya groans. How did he get so lucky? His perfect, sweet Shane, so strong and skilled, determined in the outside world, bratty to the point of enragement, until he wasn't. Until Ilya

touches him, teases him, guides him into becoming this sweet little lamb.

He leans in, finally claiming Shane's lips. Shane sighs against his mouth, collapsing into him, letting Ilya support his full body weight. Ilya slips his tongue into Shane's pliant mouth, licking against his teeth, his tongue, *god*, he wants to climb inside him, make his home there, never leave.

Never leave. The thought swirled around in Ilya's mind, repeating, multiplying. *Never leave.* Ilya wouldn't be able to, not after this. *Never leave.* Even once Shane leaves him, Ilya would be his. Forever.

Ilya spins them around, sinking onto the edge of the mattress, pulling Shane with him until he straddles Ilya's lap. He grips Shane's hips tightly, encouraging him to roll them against Ilya, grinding hard and slow. Shane whines and Ilya knows he needs what Ilya promised, to be put on his knees, to have his mouth filled. Ilya reaches blindly behind him, doing his best to keep his lips on Shane as he leans back. His fingers close around a pillow and he straightens again, dropping it onto the floor at his feet. He breaks the kiss. Trailing his lips down Shane's neck until he reaches a spot that would be hidden beneath his shirt, Ilya sucks hard at the skin, biting lightly as Shane writhes in his lap. When he's satisfied with the mark he kisses it softly, lifting his face just slightly.

"Down." He growls. He feels Shane shake in his lap at his tone, his command, before he's quickly obeying—sliding off of Ilya's thighs and to the floor between them. He looks up at Ilya from between his knees, sitting back on his heels, hands folded politely in his lap, and Ilya can't help but reach out to touch him. "So good for me," Ilya croons, clutching Shane's chin, tilting his face to see it better in the muted hotel lights, "and such a pretty boy."

Shane sucks in a breath through his teeth, leaning forward and nipping at the inside of Ilya's knee. Ilya chuckles.

"*Moye Solnyshko*," He leans forward, pressing a sweet kiss to Shane's lips, keeping his eyes open so he can watch the way Shane's lashes flutter, the way he melts into Ilya's hands. "*Moye Serdtse*. Take what you need."

Shane's hands dart to the fly of his pants, undoing them with ease despite the way they still shake slightly. He's such a pretty sight, bracketed by Ilya's thighs, eyes determined, brow furrowed. Ilya hisses as Shane yanks down his zipper, remembering that he hadn't put on underwear in his rush to get out the door, to get to Shane. Shane doesn't notice, he just yanks Ilya's pants down, barely giving Ilya the chance to lift his hips, until they are around his ankles. Shane glares at them as if they offended him, pulls them off and tosses them away.

Then finally, *finally*, his mouth is on Ilya's cock.

Shane doesn't use his hands, in fact, he folds them politely and lays them back in his lap before burying his face in Ilya's groin, breathing deeply. His tongue darts out, soft and solid against the shaft of Ilya's cock and Ilya groans. Shane licks him from root to tip, closing his eyes against the world, as if nothing else mattered in this moment other than the feeling of Ilya's hard dick dragging against his tongue.

Ilya's hands jump as Shane circles the head of his cock with his tongue, lapping sweetly, humming. He buries them in Shane's hair, not guiding, not leading, just letting him continue his exploring. Ilya can't help it, he needs to touch, and if Shane's whine is anything to go by, he needs it too.

Shane wraps his lips around Ilya's cock, finally drawing him into his mouth, and begins to bob, lathing his tongue against the bottom of Ilya's member. Each pass he takes Ilya deeper, until his nose is pressed against Ilya's pubic bone. One of Ilya's hands drops from Shane's hair, down to his throat. He groans when he realizes he can feel himself there, pressing down lightly just to feel Shane whine around him. Shane opens his eyes, meeting Ilya's above him, breathing in through his nose as he stops, stays there, face buried between Ilya's legs, as blissed out as Ilya has ever seen him. And Ilya nearly cums right there.

"Shit," Ilya hisses, his fingers stroking Shane's full throat. "You are so good, Shane, so perfect for me." His fingers stroke Shane's hair, his brow, his nose, guiding him back for a breath and then down again. "So good Shane, taking me so well." Shane moans and cants his hips, searching for friction that isn't there. Ilya gives him a smile, just a touch mocking, and one of Shane's hands fumbles to touch himself through his pants.

"Uh-uh," Ilya tsks, fingers tightening on Shane's cheeks as he pulls back slightly and hearing him whine through an exhale, throat constricting around Ilya's cock. Ilya lifts his foot, kicking Shane's hand away lightly, then he plants his foot between Shane's parted thighs. "Go ahead, sweetheart, I know what you need."

And Shane becomes undone.

He grinds himself against Ilya's calf, sucking lazily as the cock in his mouth becomes an after thought, his full focus on canting his hips again and again. Ilya watches him, transfixed, hypnotized by the beautiful creature between his thighs, as Shane bucks and grinds against his leg. His eyes flash open, searching, and Ilya realizes he's fallen silent, too stunned to say a word. He smiles lovingly down at Shane, fingers scratching at his scalp, his other hand lifts, tracing the circle of Shane's lips around his cock.

"You were made for this," Ilya whispers, using the hand in Shane's hair to guide him down again, "Made for me." Shane's hips stutter, thrust harder, Ilya's words hitting home. He takes Ilya into his throat again, whimpering slightly, his jaw likely aching. It sends a jolt of pleasure up Ilya's spine.

"Fuck, Shane, I'm gonna-" He tries to pull Shane up, only to be met with a growl as Shane's hands latch onto his thighs, nails digging in like a wild animal, making Ilya hiss. His teeth scrape the bottom of Ilya's shaft and Ilya cries out, cumming down Shane's throat.

Shane drinks him down, his own hips stutter, faltering. Ilya watches his eyes glaze over, *feels* his breathing stop momentarily, as he reaches his own peak, cumming in his slacks.

Ilya drags him off his softening cock, jerking as Shane sucks hard in an attempt to keep Ilya there, inside his mouth. Shane whines, his eyes falling closed, brow furrowing, looking grumpy at being so empty. Ilya is tempted to let him stay there, mouth full with his softening cock. The image of it pops into his head, Shane fucked out and pliant, drifting as he warms

Ilya's dick. It is beyond tempting, but he knows Shane's jaw would already be aching come morning. Instead, Ilya slips his thumb between Shane's lips again, watching as his brow softens, his cheek coming to rest against Ilya's thigh, as he hums contentedly. Ilya runs his free hand through Shane's hair, smoothing it down, then over his cheek, his jaw, his neck, anywhere he can reach.

"You did so well, *Solnyshko*," Ilya's voice was quiet, soothing. "So perfect for me." Shane sighs, and Ilya smiles. "So sweet, so soft." Ilya isn't sure if Shane's even comprehending what he's saying anymore, he almost hopes he isn't, that he just hears the soft tone of Ilya's voice, too blissed out to remember specific words. Ilya sighs, running a gentle finger over Shane's perfect nose.

"*Ya dumayu, ya lyublyu tebya.*" Ilya whispers. *I think I love you.* It's a lie. There's no thinking about it.

"*Pozhaluysta, ne ostavlyay menya.*"

Please, don't leave me.

Shane

Shane is floating. He's warm, his head is fuzzy, filled with cotton. His cheek is resting against something warm and solid, when he shifts he realizes there's skin beneath his cheek, a soft sprinkling of hair, hard muscle. There are fingers in his hair, their petting stops when their owner notices Shane's movement. He whines, huffs, pushes up into them, and is rewarded with a rich, deep chuckle as they continue once again. Shane hums, melting back against the leg, drifting off again.

A few moments later—*Seconds? Minutes?*—Shane feels shifting. He thinks he's on the floor. *Kneeling?* There's something soft beneath him, in front of him, the leg beside him is solid but it's his favorite. He huffs as he's jostled away slightly, furrowing his brow, curling his lips into a frown. He hears another laugh, feels a finger brush across his forehead, smoothing it; rubbing up the corner of his lip.

"None of that, *Solnyshko*," The deep voice says, Russian dripping off their tongue like honey. Russian. *Ilya.* Shane smiles and leans further into the leg. Hands rub down his neck, his shoulders, his chest, catching under his arms on their way back up. And then Shane is being lifted to his feet, Ilya's arm warm and sturdy around his waist, his knees ache, shaking as he's herded forward. "Sit now," Ilya's deep timbre guides him and Shane lets himself be directed. "Good."

Warmth floods him as he's laid back. And then it's gone. The warmth, the words, the hands, the *smell*.

Shane hears a pained whine fill the room, was that him? His throat is burning. The fingers are back, brushing the hair away from his forehead and Shane settles.

“Shhh, you are okay, I’m right here.” Ilya whispers, his breath fanning across Shane’s ear. “Be good.” The hands are gone again and Shane reaches blindly. He hears footsteps retreating.

No, no, come back.

He’s hushed again and something’s being pressed to his lips, cold and sweet.

“I’m not going anywhere,” Ilya promises, placing a hand under Shane’s chin and lifting. “Drink, be good.”

Shane works his lips, letting the cold water into his mouth. A finger taps his jaw.

“And swallow.” Ilya sounds amused, like he’s smiling. Shane wants to see but before he can open his eyes the finger taps again and Shane remembers he was given an order. He swallows and hears a quiet ‘*good job*’ before the hands leave him again. He mumbles something, not quite sure what, and Ilya laughs again.

“I don’t speak french, *Solnyshko*.” A kiss is pressed to his forehead. “Be patient, I’ll be right back.” Footsteps fade again, Shane hears water running, and then Ilya is back. The bed dips next to Shane, and then are hands on his hips, fiddling with his slacks.

“Lift your hips,” The words are murmured against the skin of his stomach, followed by a gentle kiss. Shane lifts his hand instead, feeling blindly until there are soft curls between his fingers. He feels Ilya push his head further into Shane’s hand. “Hips, Shane.” Shane lifts his hips.

Rough fabric is pulled down, brushing against his sensitive groin and thighs, a high pitch whine escapes him, soothed away by quiet ‘*I’m sorry*’s and gentle kisses brushed against his skin, until Shane is sighing contentedly. Then there’s something warm and damp—a *washcloth*?—cleaning him with gentle, thorough swipes, before the hands are gone again.

A weight settles in the bed next to him, an arm wrapping around his bare shoulders pulling him tight against an equally bare chest. Shane sighs, melting into it.

“I’ve got you,” Ilya whispers into his hair, pressing a kiss there. “I’ve got you.”

Shane’s eyes close.

The next time Shane wakes up he’s more aware. He’s still got a nice buzzing feeling in his head, his body somehow floating while feeling heavy as stone. His eyes flutter open to see a hotel wall.

Ilya.

Shane shifts, trying to find him, only to hear a groan sound from beneath him. He lifts his head to find he is fully draped over Ilya, his head having been pillowed against his

collarbone. Their legs are tangled together, bare save for the throw blanket that was on the foot of the bed.

“Good morning, sleeping beauty.” Ilya’s voice is thick, sleep heavy. Shane almost jumps up, would have if it didn’t feel like his bone marrow had been replaced with cement. *Was* it morning? He was supposed to be on a flight back to Montreal. Ilya’s eyes narrow and he lifts a hand, smoothing a thumb over his brow. “Oh don’t start. You haven’t missed your flight.” He reassures him, and Shane decides that if he had he wouldn’t have minded at all.

“What time is it?” Shane’s voice comes out weak, raw. His throat aches. He winces. Ilya reaches for something, coming back with a bottle of water. He takes off the lid and holds it out for Shane.

“4 am.” He says it as if that’s a normal time to be awake. Shane takes the bottle, repositioning so he can take a sip but refusing to remove himself from atop Ilya. Ilya watches him avidly, his eyes darting around his face. He’s being weird.

“I think we need to talk about what happened.” Ilya says, his voice careful. Shane furrows his brow. What *had* happened. He thought back to the night before. To Ilya’s penthouse, to... performing for him, it had made his head feel weird and when he left he had felt all wrong. He was in the elevator. He collapsed and someone found him. Who was it... He felt his eyes widen.

“This is Scott Hunter’s bed.” He says, watching Ilya scrunch his eyes closed and groan.

“Please don’t mention Scott Hunter when you are naked on top of me.” Ilya mutters, a pout forming on his lips. Shane feels the desire to kiss it away, but he isn’t sure he’s allowed to. Ilya must notice him staring because that pout shifts to a smirk that makes Shane’s stomach soar, and then he’s dipping his head down and brushing a kiss against Shane’s lips. Shane nips at his lips, *that stupid smirk*.

“What do you want to talk about if not Scott apparently now knowing that we’re fucking?” Shane asks when Ilya pulls away. He frowns, as if he didn’t like Shane’s word choice, and then his eyes are darting over Shane’s face, Shane suspects, looking for any signs of panic. Maybe he should be panicking, someone knows about them after all. But at this moment, Shane can’t find it within himself to care. Not while he’s laying on top of Ilya, naked and soft, and Ilya isn’t pushing him to leave—isn’t leaving.

Whatever Ilya sees on Shane’s face must satisfy him because he nods, then tilts his head. Shane feels Ilya’s fingers trail down his arms then back up again. He isn’t even sure Ilya is doing it consciously. He represses a shiver so Ilya doesn’t stop.

“You went into subspace.” Ilya says, never taking his eyes off of Shane and Shane lets the words roll over him. *Subspace*. He’s heard of that before, but he doesn’t remember where. That can’t be right, he wasn’t submissive, he just liked when Ilya took control, it took the pressure off of Shane, made him all floaty—*oh*. Shane takes a deep breath.

“Oh, is that what that was?” Shane tries to keep his voice level, uninterested, like it didn’t matter. *Did* it matter? He already had one shared secret with Ilya, did it matter that he also

liked being told what to do?

Ilya is watching him carefully and Shane decides for the second time that he truly does not care, at least not now, not enough to panic.

Ilya nods carefully.

“You know what that is?” He asks, not bothering to hide his surprise. Shane huffs.

“I wasn’t a virgin when we met, you know.” Shane says and Ilya’s eyes narrow, his grip on Shane tightening. Shane’s heart rate picks up. “You’re not... You’re not jealous that I’ve had other partners.” It’s not a question. They didn’t do jealousy, especially not over past partners, especially not when Ilya’s past was an entire mansion made of glass. Ilya sighs, lifting a hand to run it over his face. Shane tries not to mourn the loss of it touching his skin.

“No.” Ilya says firmly. He rubs at his eyes and then drops his hand to Shane’s hair. “Yes. It’s... It’s part of what we did,” He seems to be struggling to find the right words. He gives Shane an apologetic look. “It will fade.”

Shane isn’t brave enough to say that he wouldn’t mind if it didn’t.

“So you know what subbing is,” Ilya begins again, beginning to look guilty. “I am sorry I didn’t take care of you.” His voice is genuine, but his eyes get a far away look, like he’s bracing for impact, trying to lessen the sting. Shane reaches out, unable to help himself, and grabs Ilya’s jaw, bringing his eyes back down to Shane.

“You did take care of me.” Shane whispers, willing Ilya to believe him, but Ilya shakes his head.

“Not the first time.” Ilya bites his lip and Shane has never seen him look so guilty. “In the penthouse I sent you away.”

Shane sighs, a million things running through his mind; reassurances, words of forgiveness, but none of it felt right. Ilya wouldn’t hear it, wouldn’t accept it, not when he was so set on blaming himself. Shane tries for a gentle smile, raising his brow.

“Did you know what was about to happen?” He asked, already sure what the answer was going to be. Ilya was an asshole, but that’s one of the things Shane loved most about him. He wouldn’t have sent Shane away, not like that.

Ilya takes longer to come to that conclusion, his brows furrowing in thought. He sucks his lip between his teeth, biting down on it. Shane felt the desire to do the same, to pull Ilya’s lip into his mouth and *bite*. Finally, Ilya shook his head.

“No, but I knew I was hurting you.” He admits, and Shane nods. They had both done things to hurt the other over the course of their ...relationship.

“Then don’t do it again.” He says, as if it were that simple, as if it were that easy. Who knows, maybe it is. His thumb brushes up Ilya’s chin, pulling that captured lip out from between his teeth. Ilya is watching him, seemingly stunned. Shane raises a brow. “What?”

“That’s it?” Ilya asks, doubtful. “*Don’t do it again*?” Shane thinks for a moment and then shrugs.

“Don’t do it again, please?” He says with a cheeky smile. Ilya watches him a moment longer, eyes wide, then shakes his head. He leans down, pressing a kiss to Shane’s forehead. He mutters something in Russian then wraps his arms tightly around Shane, pulling him snug against his chest.

“Sleep. We have one more hour before we need to go pester Scott for your luggage.” Ilya murmurs, pressing another kiss to Shane’s hairline. Shane huffs a laugh, relaxing back down into Ilya.

“Oh so it’s ‘Scott’ now, huh?” He teases, squawking when Ilya pinches his side.

“Hush.” Ilya’s voice is commanding against the shell of Shane’s ear. Goose bumps raise along Shane’s arm, his stomach warming. “Sleep.”

Shane had a better idea though, looking up at Ilya through his lashes. Ilya raised a brow.

“No, Hollander. Sleep.” Shane huffed, almost insulted by the return of his last name, but he liked the way Ilya said it. Bossy. A slow smile spread across his lips, keeping hold of Ilya’s eyes Shane pressed his face close to Ilya’s chest, running his lips, then his teeth over his sternum, his collarbone, letting his lashes flutter.

“*Jesus*,” Ilya hissed. And then Shane’s world is upside down, Ilya rolling them. “Insatiable.” He said, kissing his way down Shane’s chest. Shane threaded his fingers through Ilya’s messy curls.

“You love it.” He said, then he moaned as Ilya took Shane’s nipple into mouth, holding Shane’s gaze.

“I do.”

And Shane couldn’t help but think Ilya almost looked a little sorry.

40 minutes later, once the sheets are properly rumpled and they still have 20 minutes before they need to be knocking on Scott’s door, Shane collapses next to Ilya, resting his head on his shoulder. They sit like that for a few minutes, Ilya drawing patterns on Shane’s shoulder, Shane fiddling with Ilya’s necklace. The silence is peaceful, easy, and Shane can’t help but break it.

“What does ‘*moye Solnyshko*’ mean?”

Ilya’s hand stills on Shane’s shoulder and Shane lifts his gaze to meet Ilya’s, who quickly hides what looks like panic behind narrowed eyes.

“Your pronunciation is bad.” Ilya lies. “It’s *Moye Solnyshko*.” Shane was pretty sure that was exactly how he’d said it but decided to let Ilya have it. He hummed and settled his palm on

Ilya's chest, right above his heart and Shane swore it was beating faster.

"What does it mean?" He prompts again. Ilya doesn't answer for a moment, and then his hand settles atop Shane's, lifting it to his mouth, pressing a gentle kiss to his palm, before guiding it back to his chest.

"The direct translation is '*my little sun*'." He says nonchalantly, as if it means nothing. As if his heartbeat doesn't stutter beneath Shane's hand. Shane smiles, hums, presses a kiss against Ilya's shoulder.

"I always thought of you as my moon." He admits. When Ilya doesn't reply Shane looks up again. "I like it," he says, Ilya smiles.

And despite it all—the penthouse, the elevator, the cold emptiness he will feel after leaving the bed—that smile keeps Shane tethered.

Chapter End Notes

Worth the wait? ;)

Thanks so much for reading!!! I had a great time writing this even if it was a bit outside of mu comfort zone! I hope you all enjoyed! Lmk in the comments there's any other fics you'd like to read, give me inspiration!!

With love!

- Puff

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